

FOR THE HOMEMAKER—FASHION'S FADS AND FANCIES FOR MAID AND MATRON

THE MODERN WIFE By ELLEN ADAIR

How She Varies in Different Countries.

The modern wife is a complex being. There is no doubt of that. Moreover, the average wife of one nationality differs so entirely from the wife of another nationality that they are almost impossible of comparison. In China, for instance, the wife has a pretty thin time of it. Social gaieties are not for her. No, indeed! She is ruled by the mother-in-law, and with a rod of iron, too. In America and in England the mother-in-law is held up as the heroine of comic pantomime, and is a subject for gentle pleasantries, both in the domestic and in the public sphere. In winter time the social gatherings will be given in some picture gallery or show place where admission is free. There the good ladies will sit, chatting for a whole afternoon. Refreshments are not, of course, included in the scheme—but the entertainment is regarded as being of a decidedly social nature. German wives are such models of domesticity and good cooking and perfect housekeeping that little need be said on that head. No idle gaieties for them, no social frittering away of valuable hours: From her cradle up, the little Gretchen learns the value of work. It is curious to watch the German paterfamilias and his good lady set forth with the whole family for an afternoon's enjoyment. They do not care to walk very far, for the wife has a sad tendency to "embonpoint," and a love for the national beverage has added stoutness to the husband's years. So they take a trolley ride, and encamp at the terminus, picknicking cheerfully "en famille" by the roadside. For the German takes his pleasures decidedly "en famille," and the German frau likewise. She is "dreadfully" domesticated, using the adjective in its most emphatic interpretation. But her husband likes her utterly domesticity. He would scorn the petty attractions of the gay little French charmer, and never risk his domestic-loving soul in her keeping. And this is a very satisfactory state of affairs, for, as the old saying goes, "It takes all sorts to make a world."

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are offered. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Franklin Square, Independence Square, Philadelphia. A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. W. Spindel, 3200 Kensington, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When threads, etc., become a tangled mass in the brushes of the roller brush and seem impossible to remove use a wire hair brush of the ten cent variety. After removing the roller from the sweeper vigorously brush out the tangles. It will be clean in less than five minutes. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. Spindel, 3200 Kensington, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A good way to thoroughly cleanse as well as sterilize baby's nursing bottle is to put about two teaspoonfuls of common salt to two ounces of water in the bottle and shake well. In this way milk stains can be removed and bottle sterilized without the use of heat or boiling water. Hence avoiding cracking of bottle. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. M. West Conshohocken, Pa., for the following suggestion: If you have to silver clean pan and wish to clean silver quickly and easily, fill a large aluminum saucepan with boiling water and add one tablespoonful of salt and one of baking soda. Drop silver into this a few pieces at a time, being careful to have each piece completely covered with water. Remove silver in a minute or two, wash in clear, hot water and polish with a clean cloth. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to L. S. 670 North 6th Street, Oak Lane, Pa., for the following suggestion: I had a pale green crepe de chine waist which had become faded, and successfully dyed it a pale shade of yellow by first scalding in a small piece of orange colored ribbon with boiling water in which a small quantity of soda had been dissolved, and then dipping the waist in the water while it was still hot. Practical Charity In order that larger contributions can be made for the relief of the suffering both at home and abroad, the committee who will make their debut in Baltimore society shortly have agreed to refrain from extravagance in entertainments.

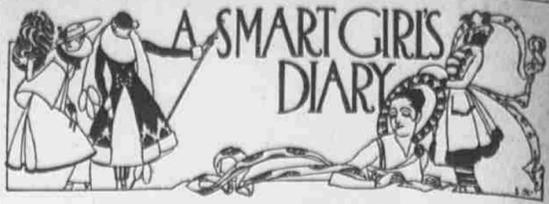


AN ADVANCE STYLE IN BLUE SERGE

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

"No—I don't. I've got a share in the syndicate, but I'll sell it to you." "How much?" "Twenty quid down—and you can make whatever use you like of my notes." The inspector slowly refilled his pipe. "If I had the money to spare," he said, "I'd do a deal. Will you take ten?" Before Mr. Murray could decide whether a certain 10 pounds was better than a very unkind 10,000 he was going up to the door just as I did, and I let him in. "You don't say so, Mary," said the inspector. "This is my friend, Mr. Murray," she said. "How are you, Mr. Murray?" "Quite well, thank you. No need to ask how you are, Mrs. Russell. You've got a kind husband, haven't you—don't give you anything to worry about—Mr. Erleigh, eh? Where is the gentleman?" "In the best parlor, Mr. Murray. Where else should I show a gentleman?" "Fire in there?" queried Russell. "No, of course not," said Mrs. Murray. "Well, then he'd better come in here. Mr. Murray is going to stay the night with us. We'd like one of your excellent suppers after our own, and you might be seeing to it while we have a chat with Mr. Erleigh." He made his way into the next room. "Good evening, sir," he said. "Glad to see you. Come into the next room, and we'll have a chat. It's rather late to talk before him, he can go and sit in the kitchen." "I want to see you both," said Erleigh with a smile. "In fact, I was going up to London to see Mr. Murray. His being here will save me both time and money." "Come along then, sir. I know you won't mind taking us just as we are. It's no good offering you a drink and a glass over the pipe." Erleigh laughed, and followed the inspector into the back room. Murray rose from his chair and shook hands. "It's a good deal more than a drink, sir," said Russell, "but I have one or two very decent cigars." "Thanks, Mr. Russell; I'll smoke my pipe, and I'll have a drink of water. I've smoked the same brand for 20 years." "You're like me, sir," said Russell; "don't like any change. Murray, give me a drink of water. It's the most comfortable and nearest the fire." "No, thank you," said Erleigh. "Please don't move. I'd rather not be so near the fire, and he seated himself on a plain wooden chair with his back to the lamp that stood on the table. Then he filled his pipe and lit it. "Now, Mr. Murray," he said. "No news, Mr. Murray? I'm afraid that money will never be earned. I hear, sir, that you are going to be married very soon. May I be allowed to wish you all health and happiness?" "Well, that is a prospect, sir. I'm sure you'll be happy." "For a few moments there was silence. The detective, rising from his chair to put some more soda water in his glass, looked for a few seconds at the profile of John Erleigh's face, looked at him a little harder than he could have done if the headmaster had known he was being stared at. "Lady much respected in these parts, sir," said Mr. Russell after a pause, "and had more than her share of sorrow. I am sure we all wish her every happiness." The detective resettled himself in his chair by the fire. "When is the wedding to be, sir?" he queried. "On July 20, Mr. Murray—the last day of term. The boys would like to be there, and I'd like to have them; and I and my wife will be able to get away for the whole of the holidays. Now, I'll tell you why I have come round here tonight. In a way, it's got something to do with my wedding." Mr. Murray raised his eyebrows and smiled. Russell said, "The police arrangements, sir? Of course, there'll be a tremendous crowd; and then the presents. You'd like a man told off guard the presents." "Yes, inspector; I'll come and see you about that later on. The matter I've come about today is—well, it's rather a delicate subject to tackle. I wouldn't tackle it at all if I didn't think that you both are thorough good chaps and are kindly disposed toward me." He paused and looked at the two men. Murray nodded and smiled. Mr. Russell



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

An Attractive House Dress The life here is most entertaining, and we are all having a delightful time. Golf and motoring seem to be the order of the day, and any sort of outdoor exercise thrown into the bargain. Yesterday we had a splendid motor trip. The weather was delightful, the sun shone, and everything was merry and bright. The man who took us on this trip was a friend of Uncle Joe's whom he used to know in Philadelphia, and he is proving quite a blessing to us. He owns a splendid French touring car which he has placed at our disposal. I imagine we had a run of 200 miles or so yesterday. Certainly our new acquaintance knows how to drive. He didn't try any "trick-driving," either, which was a great comfort! So many men like to speed up and then do all sorts of stunts with the wheel. I confess that such always fill me with alarm rather than with admiration of their chauffeurship. The new man's name is Angus MacDonald. He is Scotch, has red hair and his accent is delightful. I hoped that he would come down to dinner in the kitchen as he has given me a piece of his clan tartan and it is gorgeous, red and green and yellow—but I was disappointed. He wore ordinary evening dress! However, he regaled me with stories of Scotland and we had an interesting time. Tomorrow afternoon there is to be an auction party. I have decided to wear rather a pretty gown for the occasion. The Scotchman is to be my partner, so I intend to sport a tartan decoration. My gown is of fine, blue serge cut in long sweeping lines, and hangs perfectly straight from the shoulders at the back. In front it is cut away from above the waistline and shows an understitch of rich blue satin. The overdress is gathered in at each side of the front above the knees, and the whole effect is very attractive. A high, upstanding collar of embroidered lace is worn, and the sleeves are long and tightly fitting. I see many smart gowns in this hotel, and note that sand color is just as popular as ever. Small hats of straw are everywhere here, and hemp is a favorite, also that pretty straw called milan. I must get some spring models when I return to town.

Making Money By a Successful Worker

I am writing from my own experience of a good way to make extra money. I knew of a very deserving church, where money was very much needed, and I decided to try to raise the sum of \$100 for them. How I set about it I scarcely knew. Finally, I borrowed a \$5 note to start with, and I made a little more by selling all the old newspapers I could get hold of in our house, or those given me by friends. Then I was fortunate enough to have a lilac bush in the yard, and I made a bit of money by selling the blossoms. "Thank you, inspector," said Erleigh. "Well, I want to go on with my work here—live here all my life—make the school the best in England. I've been urged to take holy orders, so that later on I might possibly be made a bishop. But I wouldn't exchange the headmastership of Harptree for an archbishopric. I want to live and die in this place." "Very right, sir," murmured Russell, "very proper. And the school couldn't do without you." Mr. Murray said nothing. He was, however, thinking a great deal. "This terrible affair," Erleigh continued, after a pause—"so terrible to Lady Wimberley and myself and all who knew the dear little chap who has been taken from us—has not been without its effect on the school. For a time we were under a cloud, but the sky above us is bright enough now." "And long may it remain so, sir," said Mr. Russell. "With your permission, Russell, and yours, too, Mr. Murray, I do really believe that the school, which has pulled through a bad time, will never look back from this day onward. But it is in your power—in the power of the police—to deal the school a blow from which it may not recover for 10 years." "Really, I do not quite see—" "I will explain, Mr. Murray. You know and Mr. Russell knows that Lord Arthur—Lord Wimberley, as I must call him now—warned me against my science through a bad time. The affair is in charge of Miss May K. Flannery. Coincident with these measures to bring about peace in the great conflict abroad, suffragists are planning to wage 'war' here. Their style of warfare through will not be of the character of that in Europe. They will make war on those who have not as yet been converted to the 'cause' or who have not at least come out openly for it. Their strategy will be to hurl munitions of war in the form of convincing arguments and 'literature' at their 'enemies.' Mrs. Harry Lowenburgh, a prominent

The Sentimental Girl

Did you ever notice how pathetic and how ridiculous a figure the really sentimental girl is? There is nothing more worthy than true sentiment, but there isn't one person out of a hundred who knows the difference between sentiment and its less worthy cousin, sentimentality. Take, for instance, the case of a girl whom a patron was discussing the other day. "Geraldine is the strangest girl I ever saw," said she. "I stayed at the same hotel with her last season. Well, there was a young man there who was rather attentive to her. He showed her a good time, took her out to play tennis and bathed with her, and did the things every young man does at the seashore. "When his vacation was over he went back to the city, leaving his address with the hotel clerk, so his mail could be forwarded. Mind, he didn't give it to Geraldine. He evidently considered their acquaintance in the light of a summer flirtation, and wanted to get there. If girls only had the good sense to put their vanity behind them and realize that every man isn't in love with them! "It wasn't very long before the young man had a long letter from Geraldine. She went to the hotel office and got his address and wrote him a long, foolish letter. Really, the young man's sister called it 'musical' and that is the saddest true description for it. He went to his sister to ask her advice. You see, he was an honorable fellow, and he thought the fault was his. "After a while the young man convinced the poor fellow that Geraldine was just a foolish, sentimental girl and the only way to lose her was to leave her letters unanswered. Sentiment is a noble emotion, and every one confesses to a certain reasonable share of it. A man admires a woman who has sentiment and kindness in her. But the sentimental woman is the very gray wolf in a white dress and never succeeds in becoming popular.

Your Little Boy

Much is said about dressing up the little girl, but the little boy seems to be overlooked. There are a great many mothers who know how to make their girls look very well, but the poor little fellows wear the most ridiculous of styles, and nobody seems to pay any attention to them. Don't make the mistake of letting your boy grow up without taking the proper care of his appearance. It won't make him girlish, and nothing is more repelling than a careless or untidy man. The proper thing for a boy of 2 or 3 years is the Russian blouse. This has a shiny leather belt, with the tunic just peeping out underneath. The full bloomers are usually very becoming to young children. If you want variety, you can make the same style costume in linen, serge, velvet, corduroy or galatea. The so-called Dickens suit is pretty for the boy who is just beyond the Russian blouse stage and not in short trousers yet. This little suit has a plaited waist, made quite straight, and buttoned down the front with large pearl buttons. To this the breeches are buttoned, with the same style buttons. The breeches, by the way, are made quite short, and if the waist is white, with linen colored trimmings, the effect is charming. These come in chambray, pongee or tub silk. When the boy begins to lose his chubby look, a sailor suit of serge, duck, or mohair is most becoming. These have a loose middie blouse and a wide collar opening in a V over a shield. The looser and fuller the blouse, the deeper the V, and the shorter the knickers, the smarter the suit. From 10 to 15 the boy wears knickers and a double-breasted reefer coat with mannish lapels and a shirt with a soft collar, and a tie. Eton collars are usually worn by the boy of 12.

CHILDREN'S CORNER Mother Earth Wants a New Dress

OLD Mother Earth waked up one winter morning and looked herself over with unusual care. She saw the dull brown trees, the dirty brown meadows and the dingy brown forests. "I'm just ashamed of myself," she whispered forlornly; "seems to me I never before looked so shabby!" She thought the matter over for one whole morning, then she decided she would do something about it. It's all very well to sit and think—sometimes! But this is not one of the times! I mean to do something, so there! But just what she was to do was not such an easy matter to decide. Finally she called to Jack Frost. "Oh, Jack Frost! Come over here. I want to talk to you a minute!" Jack Frost was pretty busy down by the brook, freezing the edges of the water, but he was an obliging fellow (when he wished to be), so he came running up the bank to where he could have a good talk. "Well, here I am," he announced. "What do you want?" "I want a new dress," said Mother Earth, in the calmest kind of a voice. "You want a new what?" exclaimed Jack Frost. "A new dress," repeated Mother Earth. "Well, old," exclaimed Jack Frost; "what's the matter with the one you have on now?" "Oh, it's all worn out," said Mother Earth. "And, anyway, I've worn it ever since last fall and I'm tired of it—I want a new one." "What kind of a dress do you want?" asked Jack Frost. "I think I'd like a nice green dress, one that was trimmed with flowers and pretty things," replied Mother Earth. "Well, you couldn't have that sort of a dress while I'm around," said Jack Frost. "You know perfectly well that I'd freeze the flowers off of it in one minute. Don't waste your time wishing for a flower dress. And, now that I come to think about it, I don't believe I have time to make you a dress of any kind. I've got to freeze the grass and icicles to the ground, and a lot of things more important than your dress to attend to." "doubtfully, 'maybe you can. I want a new dress.'" "Of course, you do!" exclaimed the fairy queen with sympathy; "I know how that is; I like to get new things myself. Now, let's see what we can do about it." "They thought and they talked for quite a long time, and so busy were they that they never thought about time! And before they noticed Night spread her wings of darkness over the forest. "Never mind if it is dark now," said the fairy queen; "you go to sleep now, and first thing in the morning I'll come over and we'll make that new dress!" Tomorrow—Tommy Sparrow's Gay Nest. Copyright, 1914, Clara Ingram Judson.



For good brooks to freeze and icicles to make and a lot of things more important than your dress to attend to.

MAIN LINE WOMEN WAGE WAR FOR PEACE AND VOTES

Meeting of Equal Franchise Society at Narberth, February 7, Has Double Purpose in View.

Prominent suffragists among the Main Line are taking up a peace movement and are going to wage a campaign amongst suffrage sympathizers in an effort to win their support. A "peace meeting" has been arranged to be held on February 7, at 3:45 o'clock, at the Palace Theatre, in Ardmore. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Main Line Branch of the Equal Franchise Society. Miss Adella Potter, an organizer engaged by Mrs. Anna Orme, who is the leader of the seventy division of the Woman Suffrage party of Pennsylvania, will make an address. It is planned also to have a speaker from the Pennsylvania Peace and Arbitration Society, but no one from that society has yet been named. The affair is in charge of Miss May K. Flannery. Coincident with these measures to bring about peace in the great conflict abroad, suffragists are planning to wage "war" here. Their style of warfare through will not be of the character of that in Europe. They will make war on those who have not as yet been converted to the "cause" or who have not at least come out openly for it. Their strategy will be to hurl munitions of war in the form of convincing arguments and "literature" at their "enemies." Mrs. Harry Lowenburgh, a prominent



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Housekeeping Hint It is best not to serve the same dish twice a week unless it be a vegetable, as every one likes variety. When Serving Salad Always use the coldest of dishes to serve salad on. Nutritious Vegetables Peas, beans and lentils are the most nutritious of all vegetable substances. Oiled Floors A very practical way to finish a floor is to paint it with linseed oil.

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